

The Plan: part I

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Category: Final Fantasy VIII

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-04 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-04 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:22:27

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 611

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: this is my very first story ... thanks to the people who replied to my call for help .. here it is .. a irvine and selphie romance. i don't know if it's good or bad so review it please ... if most of you approve .. i'd continue with part II... else i'd st

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"Let me get this straight," Zell Dincht eyes nearly popped out of his skull as he scratched his head, mussing up his carefully styled hair. "You want me to give you to Irvine for his birthday presentâ€!" He eyed the petite girl standing before him, eyeing her flyaway chocolate brown curls and innocent green eyes. Selphie Tilmitt, a long time friend of his, who looked like she was more suited to singing in a church choir, is actually asking to be presented to Irvine Kinneas, Balamb Garden's notorious playboy, as a â€| Zell gulped, a stripper. He made up his mind. "Nope, sorry, I'm not going to do it. The idea is preposterous, ridiculous. And if Squall finds out, he's going to have a fit!"

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"But Squall is not going to find out unless you tell him! He's already not joining in on the birthday celebrations because he's got to make a trip to Esthar to spend Christmas with Sir Laguna," Selphie groaned inwardly, she should have known that Zell would not agree to the idea so easily. Sometimes, he could be such a stick-in-the-mud. So the idea was a wee bit unconventional, but still, it's a great idea. Based on what she'd learnt from the many SeeDs in Garden, (the female population to be more exact), Irvine loved strippers.

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Selphie sighed, hating herself for doing this but it was time for Plan B. She turned way from Zell and surreptitiously reached into her pocket and pulled out the freshly diced onions she had prepared earlier. Poof, the smell was overwhelming. Selphie could only hope that Zell's sense of smell wasn't as well developed as his fighting abilities. Her shoulders racking with pretend sobs, and Selphie turned the full force of her damsel in distress routine once the

onion took effect. "Zelly, please, Irvine is going to be expecting something special." She whimpered, tears brimming in her eyes. "I promised him something special."

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Gazing back and forth like a cornered chocobo, Zell looked as if he was looking for an escape, which he was. He was totally at a loss for what to do. Women crying always got him running in the opposite direction. And to make matters worse, Selphie was a heartbreaking sight; her tears gushing forth like a fountain, staining her mascara, giving her panda eyes. She looked like a woebegone waif, which further intensified the fact that he should say no to her unbelievable request. He started to shake his head when she lifted her sad eyes to his and said, her lower lip trembling slightly, "Zelly, please." He was lost.

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"Okay!" he almost shouted. "Fine! Now stop crying already!"

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Selphie had to resist her urge to jump up and down screaming "Booyoka!" With a performance she felt sure would have gotten her an Academy Award she wiped her tears away and sniffled a little more. "Thank you Zell, I'd never forget this. Truly, I won't," she attempted a brave smile. Zell was obviously fooled as he ruffled her hair and pulled her into his arms for a tight hug.

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"I hope that you know what you're doing sport," Zell said, an apprehensive smile on his face. "This is a totally crazy idea but if it'll make you happy then fine." He held the petite girl who was almost like a sister to him closer, not sure if she's stopped crying yet. As Zell smoothed down her soft hair, he smelt a somewhat unusual smell. He sniffed, since when did shampoo manufacturers come up with onion-scented shampoo?

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End
file.